* DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY*

Is the "Man in the Clouds" a Failure as a Husband? By Winifred Black

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the great poet, to the sweet little eighteen-year-old girl. And the sweet little girl is showing the poems to her friends and they are all envying her because she

A goddess he calls her, and an Aphrodite, a Circe and a Lileth; her eyes are stars, and where she walks the purple blossoms strew her path.

Dear me, how interesting! I don't wonder that she goes about, poor

child, with her eyes full of visions and her heart full of dreams.

But oh! but oh! the misery of the awakening that must come to her some day! For she is making a great mistake. She's going to marry the poet. She ought to put his verses away in an ivory casket with roses to fade in company with them. She ought to frame his picture in a thin band of wear it next her heart. She ought to keep her poet for a dream-

something sweet to remember, like the first yellow rose her boy sweet art gave her the last day of school when she was not yet sixteen. Poets-have you ever noticed it-never write such verses to their wives

I know a woman who was married to a poet, not a great poet, just a mester, a man with the trick of verse and with the fatal gift of idealizing rything and every one he knew, when he felt like it. He was, so my friend who married him tells me, the most delightful lover all the world, and the most dreadful failure of a husband.

He never could remember to bring home money for the grocery man. He always so busy thinking up new phrases in which to describe the sunset ne couldn't put his mind on sordid details-like getting home in time for And people were sorry for him, because he was unhappily married. One day the wife of the near-poet was very cross with one of the young who was sorry for her husband.

not about that-dear no, she would have had to have been cross with many-but just because she didn't like something about this particular ng person. So now she is divorcing the near-poet, Poor near-poet, I'm almost sorry for him. I met him the other day, and

did seem so harassed. He looked just as I have felt when I went to buy a perfectly simple piece ribbon of a perfectly simple shade-and it turned out to be bewilderwhen I got to the counter with all the ribbons there to look upon. My friend who married him is really quite heartless about it. She

every time she thinks of it. Only she's spiteful about the one particu-I do hope he'll marry her," she says-"if he does I'm going to move next and see what she does when some of the ladies who are so sorry for

Heroes and a Real Man.

m for marrying her come to make the wedding call."

The hero in the book we're reading just now-how complex he is, how cinating, how idealistic! The man in the play-what a love he is, what a figure for the imagination.

wonder the leading woman is so willing to die for him, or even to live for But look-isn't he glancing rather often at the two pretty girls in the box? And who is that waiting for the handsome hero at the stage door-a man

with a bill? Let's go home and have the faithful dog, who would give his life for one of us that he loves, meet us at the doorsten

Let's go home and have something extra good for John's dinner. Here es on the perch now-dear John, kind John, stupid, truthful, loving, al old John, who never wrote a verse in his life and who'd go to sleep if tried to read him one. Dear John, who walks with his feet upon the can earth-not as the near-poet does, in the slime with his head in the

You're the man for me, dear John, and I hope and pray I may be rthy to be the woman for you.

Tottie Starts for Her Grandmother's

arms full of flowers just as she started for her Grandmother's. But she did not her there with them. No, she is not a had kitty and did not loose them. ut she laid one great fault. She was afraid to say "no." She was too tender hearted. This is why er Grandmother missed getting the

All of the other Tabby children had the meastes. The Tabby house the old barn of Mr. Jones was il of sick kitty girls and kitty Mis. Tabby was worried to Scath To keep Tottle from catchs the measles too she decided to of her to visit her Grandmother. Get the little tan suit case," said Mrs. Table one morning, "and I will park your things."

H; afternoon Tottle was ready to art, all of her clothes were in the it case, and her mother had shed a bunch of flowers for her Now be very careful of Mrs. Tabby said. "Your standmother has walted all year or these flowers, she planted them Good-by and be a good

Gefore she could say "meow" was off down the road with intle tan sun case in one hand of the flowers in the other. For distance she went right along, about her dress, but she not even look at them, on she meant to take every is ene of those flowers to her additional to take the conditional to the first the first beginning to the first beginning the first beginning to the first beginning the first beginning the first beginning to the first beginning the first beginning the first beginning to the first beginning to the first beginning the first beginning to the firs the please give up just one flow-they begged. Ours did not be they year, and those are

draudmother will not know if at the is gone, thought Tottle. Pour little Spots, they are so ragged, will give them just a tiny one." Inough the flower was little, the net looked smaller. She said to

she met the Bunny girls and the old lady who lived at the of the road. "Oh what beautiflewers," they cried, "and what ear little girl." Poor Tottle! After dear little girl. Poor Tottle: After lex had told her about her pretty and her sweet manners, and ad asked for some flowers, she did of have the heart to refuse. She erget all about her promise, and We a silly little kitty girl, let them the her of them all. For a little distance she trotted supply along, but as she neared the

the brown bouse and saw the bush the door, she thought of the

How will I ever tell Grand-biother how did I ever forget that those flowers were for her alone? With didn't I say that they were lest mine?

She was crying by this time, and



walked up the neat path very slow-iy. She was very late, very tired, and all she had was her own tan suitcase. Knocking timidly on the suitcase. Knocking timidly on the door, she sat down on the step and put her fluffy head in her paws. She wished that the earth would swallow her up.

Grandmother opened the door

very softly behind her. "Why, Tot-tie dear," she cried, "What ever can be the matter?" be the matter?"

But Tottle only began to cry

where are my flowers? Did you give them away? She tried to be very stern, but she was sorry for Tottie.
All the little kitty girl could do

All the little kitty girl could do was nod her head.
"Never mind." said Grandmother Tabby, as she gathered her into her arms. "Next time you will remember to say no. The dollies are waiting for you inside. But before you have them you must promise never to let people flatter you sgain." And Tottle promised.

Tomorrow: Grandmother Tabby's

White Slave Subtleties Call for Sex Instruction

W. B. Trites, the novelfst, said at a dinner at the Hotel Negresco, in Nice: "I see that certain squesmish New England minds are kicking now because our school teachers give sex instruction to the little children."

Mr. Trites made a gesture of protest. "But what I want to know is." he de-manded. "how the deuce, without sex instruction, can the little children un-der stand our modern plays and films?"

Kitchen Laboratory Offers Career For Energies of Real Modern Woman Why Veils Are Harmful;

Mrs. Katherine Golden Bitting Makes Work for Home Her "Career."

By FLORENCE'E. YODER.

Do you think that you are a nodern woman? Perhaps you do. Probably you are not.

Not if you turn your housekeeping over to some other woman.

The proper, constructive administration of kitchen duties admits a woman to the arts and sciences, makes her modern.

You are not modern if you do not put your brains to practical

SHE WANTS

THE BALLOT



use and to that use which is at

The kitchen offers a concrete possibility for a hundred "careers." I found one there.

The modern woman is she who takes advantage of science, art and industry and who does constructive housekeeping. Otherwise she lives in a primeval fashion. How then can she be mod-

Works With Husband.

These manifestly true statements come from Mrs. Katherine Golden Bitting, for years associated with research work of food stuffs. Mrs. Bitting works side by side with her husband in the laboratory from 9 until 4 o'clock each day. But this does not prevent her from doing her own housework in her own apartment. Her kitchen work has become her career in the largest sense of the word. She has entered actively into just one branch of a branch of the science to be found in the homenamely, the investigation of food

"Women do not really know how much there is of interest of which they fall to take advantage in the home. They want careers. What is the matter with starting a career of invention and scientific experimen-tation right in the home? "The food stuffs which they receive are at their disposal, and the very wideness of the field in which I am working will give an idea of

the scope."
She could hardly stop to pause for breath, so eager she was to tell me of the work of the laboratory and to make plain every detail of the machinery used in the miniature canning room in the basement.

Dr. Bitting, her husband, is in charge of the laboratory, which is practically the same one, and for he same purposes, as the research laboratory formerly attached to the Bureau of Chemistry. Now, under the management and direction of the



National Canners' Association, the work concerns itself with the investi-gation of the canned food products, such as vegetables, fruits, jellies, and As an experimenter and investiga-

tor into the realms of these cauned goods, testing, making and deducting.

Mrs. Bitting pure Mrs. Bitting puts her scientific knowledge to use for the benefit ulti-mately of the home itself.

"The woman, wrongly called 'mod-ern'," she said today, "thinks that the home and the littchen is far above her. She thinks that when she can successfully out her kitchen work on the shoulders of menials, that she is becoming modern. As a matter of fact, she is getting further away from it. The very reason why we do not have more machinery for use in the home, at lower price, is due to the fact that the very women with brains and money who could make such machinery a necessity by demanding it, do not know that it is needed. They put their time and their brains to a different purpose. The practical application of many of the arts and sciences, the learning of which is over the best such as the misray. which is open to her, she misses.

No Call For Them.

"Not that there are not many improvements on the market. But when the dealers are asked for them, the inevitable reply is that they cannot keep them because there is no call for them. Now, why? Simply because so many women do not know what is needed. They are using methods in their homes which have been used for centuries. They do no constructive thinking. They do not seem to know that the outlet for the arts and sciences, as practically applied, is in the home itself. They chase after the idea, but do not grasp the concrete possibility.
"Every woman's kitchen should be her laboratory. There is the real heart of the home, and every possible effort should be made to conduct it in a scientific manner. The very first improvement the women should make has been neglected. Men do not do their experimenting, their laboratory work, in dark places. They require light, light and more light. Fenestration is the first consideration when any kind of an office building is built by men for men."

"Yet the dark kitchen! It is a condition which exists in seven-eighths of the most 'modern' of homes. Does the 'modern' woman want to stay in that kitchen? Manifestly NO. So what does she do? Make it

EVERY MODERN

light?
Not a bit of it. She simply gets out of it. Putting the work off on some one clse, she expects a woman of, perhaps, less ability and culture, to labor in her stead. But who cares to stay in a dark hole? The condition of the kitchen of today and the condition to which the woman of the house will not subject herself,

MRJ BITTING is a cause for most of the servant

"When the time comes, if it ever does, that the woman builds, outfits, and experiments with her own kitchen, the servant classes will fail over themselves to keep their positions. But then, the woman herself will be anxious to perform her own duties.

She Collect Prints.

"Do you realize that an immense amount of time and labor is spent by the 'modern' woman in collecting beautiful paintings, in pictures, and prints? She wishes to decorate her home and goes about choosing plctures which neither she nor her family, half the time, really under-stand or appreciate. Her artistic sense wants gratification, yet in-stead of trying to make her home an artistic center, she thinks to add the torches by the purchase of pic-

the torches by the purchase of pictures.

"The other part, the making of wall papers, rugs, different kinds of furniture, hangings, she leaves for others. The sad part of it all is that she may not have any real affection or appreciation for the particular picture that she may choose!"

But Mrs. Bitting, for all her womderful ideas, her advanced thinking, and her practical true modernism, and her practical true modernism, is as bashful and retiring and timid a woman as I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

She knocks every anti-surage rule sky-high. She is a working woman.

An Ardent Suffragist. She believes more ardently than

one could imagine in suffrage for women; she is a fellow of the Amerwomen; she is a reliow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a rare privilege for even a man, and yet—AND YET.

She knows more about kitchens, and the making of jellies and fruits, and the proper direction of a home, than perhaps any other woman in the United States. And she hides behind her husband—actually. Her work in the laboratory, according to

work in the laboratory, according to Dr. Bitting himself, is of equal contioned, and she was very reluctant to grant me any permission to use it in connection with this story at all. Her photograph I absolutely could

not obtain.

For many years she was a professor of biology in Purdue University, and after that, with her husband, she was associated with the work of the Bureau of chemistry, and Dr. Wiley, in the investigation of focd preparation,

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

Nature's Guard Sufficient

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins). ARTOR RESARTUS was Carlyle's mouthpiece. The words of the tailor, Herr Teufelsdrockh, were boiled-down philosophy.

One of my editor friends writes: "Why write poetry, discuss philosophy, or quote the classics? The man on the street is not interested in such matters." Perhaps he is right, but tons of information come to me to the contrary. Therefore in discussing veils, their virtues and their

vices, the opinions of Carlyle, Plato, and Diogenes may The human fiesh itself is a veil. It clads man and

woman's deeper communion. A veil is only a screen of a shadowy sort. It is expected to protect the deeper structures of your anatomy. Why, then, should the human spirit, shaped into an

appearance, as Carlyle put it, be safeguarded by a fleshy veil "Oh Heaven," says the ridiculous Herr Teufelsdrockh, "it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry a future ghost within us, but are, in very deed, ghosts!"

The flesh, then, vells the underlying tissues. The night vells the day, a screen veils the damp zephyrs from the baby's crib. Nature herself is veiled. All that you veils, the blue veils, and the ebony ones know about nature comes to you are the worst. These actually invite through your senses. What your eyes the very facial blemishes which girls do not see, what your tongue does not wish to avoid. After all, it is the better part of valor taste, what your nostrils do not scent, as well as the discreet course of sanity to encourage the wind and weather, to firt with sun and moisture. Thus the flesh grows less tender and the face, losing its terderness, becomes accuswhat your muscles do not seize, what

your skin does not feel, what your ears o not hear-you know nothing about. Yes, experimental psychology, the higher physical and animal behavior. prove now, even to the satisfaction of Copy't, 1914, Newspaper Feature Ser cience, that there are more things refled from you in heaven and earth tions for readers of this paper on than was ever dreamt of in all of Horatio's philosophies! medical, hygienic and sanitation

Fair ladies, however, wear black white, September blue, tango red, and hesitation green veils to keep away the none too gentle touch of Aeolus and College girls, matrons, debutantes,

weet girl graduates, typists, Mrs. Newly Wed, and the motor car miss cling resolutely to veils. Yet nature en- be answered personally if a stamplowed women with firm, ruby facesthe greatest of all veils.

Vells, like furs, spoil the flesh. Are the cheeks and lips of hairless men any the worse for exposure. I trow not. To wear veils is to coddle the flesh, to enourage freckles, to make a tender skin. All flesh is grass, and all know what will happen if a bit of veiling is cast upon grass. Moreover, the tenderness of skin forever covered is perfectly understood. Examine the flesh of your

arm, your thigh, your bosom. Expose these covered parts to wind. weather, water or sun. Freckles, tan, and blemishes are among the conse-

All vells injure the beautiful textile of our outer tissues, but black veils are rrevocably evil. Hope deferred mak-

carnate face screens must be worn, are perhaps the safest of them all. Not crimson netting, but the rays reflected from it are the chemical ones which actually burn freckles into the flesh. Next in value to scarlet screens comes he white, silvery veil. This one, too, helps to filter out the destructive ef-

fects of the light.

Of all these abominations the dark

P-B—Boys' Outfitters

eth the heart sick, but the face in a black veil poisons the flesh.

Red veils, if these iniquitous and incarnate face screens must be worn, are face burns do not usually leave scars.

Admirer: What treatment is best 50 Simple "hemiplegia" — if this is meant—requires electricity and massage up on the "convex" or non-contracted muscles, lactic acid bacilli internally, a

Dr. Hirshberg will answer ques-

subjects that are of general inter-

est. He will not undertake to pre-

scribe or offer advice for individ-

ual cases. Where the subject is

not of general interest letters will

ed and addressed envelope is en-

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Answers to Health

Questions

P. G.-How can I bleach my hair without the use of paroxide or a dye?

Wash the hair in borax or add vine-gar to the hair wash.

Mrs. J. P. G.—I put a salve that was too hot on my year-old baby's neck. It burned her. What shall I apply to it to prevent it from scarring?

L. K. Hirshberg, care this office.

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Cocoanuts Are In Season

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

Y first meeting with a cocoanut was in the pages of "The Swiss Family Robinson." There, you remember, the Family threw stones at the monkeys in the trees, and in return the monkeys threw down cocoanuts. In this climate this tropical nut is often regarded as indigestible. But the white nut-like lining is soft enough to eat with a spoon in its own country. The chief qualities of the coccanut are its wonderful oil and its flavor, which nothing else culte resembles. Just now the cocoanuts are with us, and it is the time to buy some at their low price of 10 to 15 cents each and lay in a

supply so that we shall have plenty for our summer desserts. Many of us who use the dry or "desiccated" cocoanut perhaps do not know that we can make as good a shredded product at home. Purchase three or four nuts, remove the milk and crack the brown shell and rethe thin brown lining from the white so that only perfect white is left. Break in small pieces and lay on sheets in a low oven or on a shelf or radiator wherever it is warm, covering from dust. When it is well dried run it through the meat choppes or grinder, using the fine-tooth cutter. If necessary run this shredded nut in waxed paraffin paper, place in a Mason jar and cover tightly. It will keep indefinitely if well dried. Several such jarfuls will help toward the deliclousness of your summer desserts and cost far less

summer desserts and cost far less than the bought product. Cocoanut and Date Salad—Cut fresh cocoanuts in cubes, mix with stoned halved dates, and serve on lettuce; dress with oil myconnaise to which whipped cream is added at the last. Sprinkle lightly with chop-red nats. ped nots. Cocoanut Cups-Gently stew a sliced Cocoanut Cups—Gently stew a sliced nut in its own milk until very tender. Add juice and grated rind of one orange, a half cup sucar, and beaten yolks of four eggs. Let thicken slightly, then pour into custard cups and bake fifteen minutes. Flace whipped whites beaten with sugar on top to brown lightly. Serve cold.

rusk to a medium brown; pour over cocoanut milk slightly thickened; add at the last tender fresh grated cocoanut. Serve hot with a dash of nutmeg. This is excellent as a break-

pounded cocoanut, add one-half pint cocoanut milk and one-half pint whipped cream; add three-quarter cup sugar and a tin; pluch of salt, then stir in one small tablespoonful relatine dissolved in two tablespoonfuls water; freeze. This makes one

Cocoaant Mousse - One cup fresh

fast or children's supper dish.

